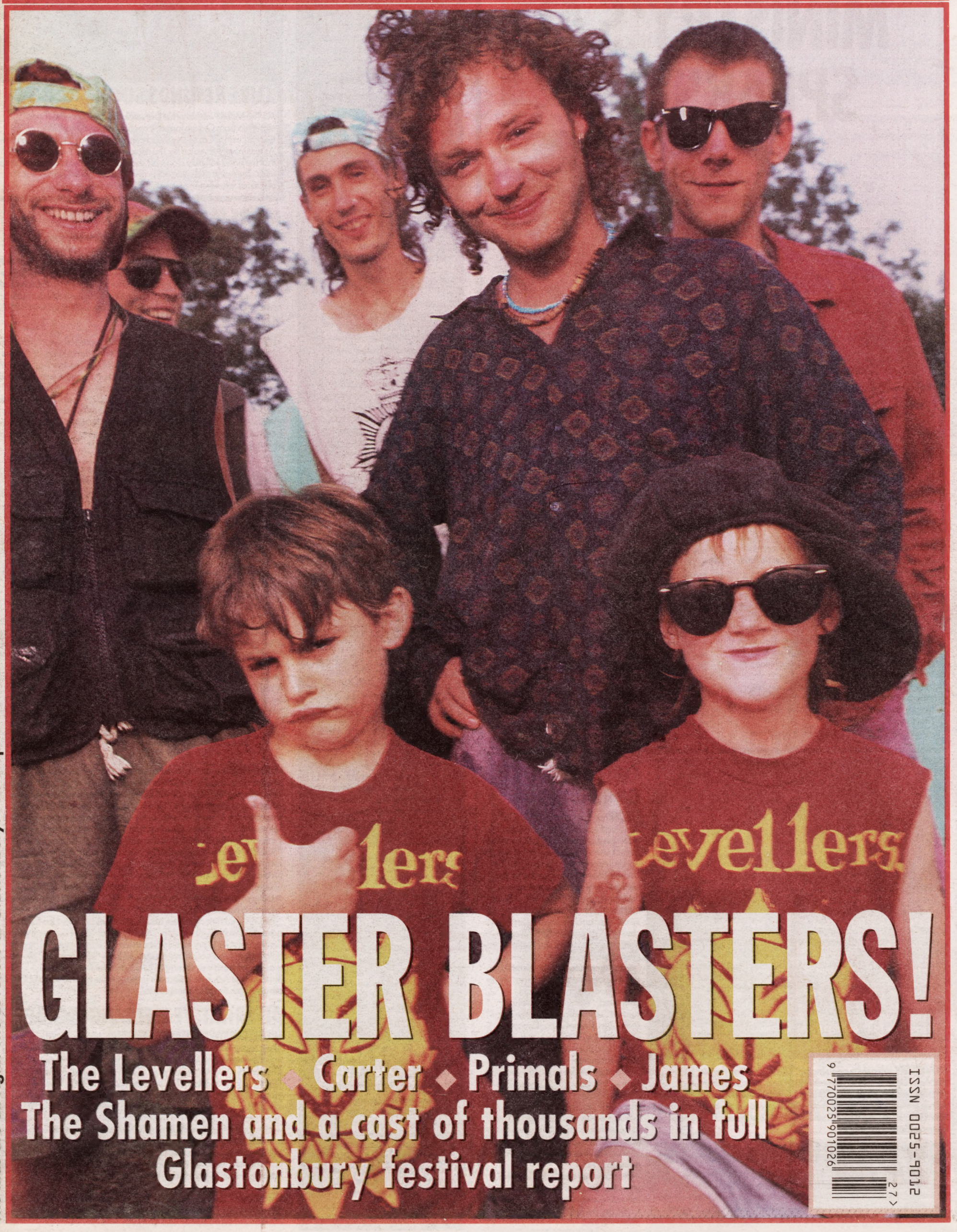
PAVEMENT ◆ THE BREEDERS ◆ HELMET ◆ BELLY ◆ MINISTRY ◆ THE ORB

JULY 4, 1992 65p

GERMANY DM 4.80/SPAIN PTS 300/US $3.45

MELODY·MAKER

TOMORROW'S MUSIC TODAY



GLASTER BLASTERS!

The Levellers ◆ Carter ◆ Primals ◆ James
The Shamen and a cast of thousands in full Glastonbury festival report

ISSN 0025-9012

The kids are all right. The Levellers at Glastonbury. Pic: Stephen Sweet

GLASTON

The summer festival season officially opened last weekend when 100,000 or so revellers and nearly 100 bands descended upon Glastonbury to groove, get wasted and pick up a tan. Undaunted by the burning sun, fighting back ferocious hangovers and dodging dogs who'd slipped their strings, The Maker Wrecking Crew gamely joined the merriment. Photographic evidence: STEPHEN SWEET and MATT BRIGHT

FRIDAY

MAIN STAGE

IF JOSEPH Of Arimathaea had foreseen **THE SENSELESS THINGS**, he'd have shoved his staff somewhere else. That's what I reckon.

I *won't* call them piss-weak, lyrically obtuse, three-chord 1978 Stiff Records skinny-tie The Jags "I Got Your Number" with poxy Lennon/McCartney harmonies 40-years-of-rock-and-all-they-can-think-of-is-The-Jam-and-The-Undertones shite. Because "Got It At The Delmar" has *four* chords. Sorry, but Sid didn't die for this. Fact: The Senseless Things are the only band of the weekend to have their own private merchandise stall. Grubby little capitalists.

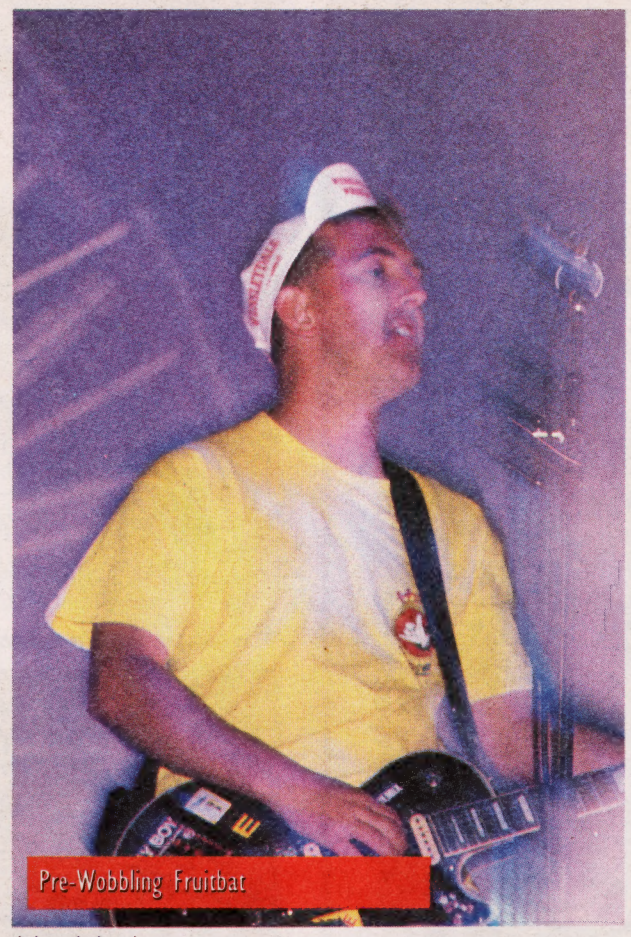
THE BLUE AEROPLANES do their jangly beatnik damnedest to get things moving, dancer Wojtek's body more sweat-drenched and Gerard's declamatory freeform poetry rather less irony-laced than usual, and yes, their guitarists almost outnumber the audience. Casually magical, really.

But they say you don't come to Glastonbury for the music. So, as a first-timer, I go for a wander. Amid the Technicolor medieval encampment of the Green Field (Agincourt without the corpses) I find a giant musical metal *goat*. It's welded out of exhaust pipes and barrels and chains, suspended on a bare teepee frame. If you pull its tail, it tolls ominously like a funeral bell. It's not signed to Creation or 4AD or anything, but it's possibly the most inspired piece of musical experimentation on show. Next door there's an old fella lecturing on Astral Projection. I give it a try, but it doesn't get you to the front of the toilet queue any quicker.

Back at The Pyramid, **THE BREEDERS** start with "Doe", continue with "Do You Love Me Now" and "Happiness Is A Warm Gun", and you immediately wonder how, after three years, they can get away with only one LP and one EP's worth of material (and without Tanya Donnelly). The answer is pretty bloody well, actually, probing the heat-hazed air with their tensile, understated textures and oxygenated harmonies.

Oh no! Not *another* bloody derivative American guitar band! I don't know who **TELEVISION** are, but they've obviously heard the odd Lloyd Cole and House Of Love album. Oh all right, time to come clean: Television are/were one of those "seminal" bands that the more mature rock journalists are always on about but no one had heard of at the time. After 14 years, Television are reforming *without a soundcheck*. When their classic (I'm struggling for the correct reverential tone here) "Marquee Moon" came out in 1978, I was listening to Blondie and Abba and Tubeway Army like any normal junior schoolkid, and I won't pretend otherwise. Today the Kids run for the hills. Television: Drug Of The Older Generation. Sadder than The Buzzcocks at Reading, really. . .

JAMES are a last-minute addition, and overcome a slight initial hostility by announcing, "This is our Morrissey impersonation" and launching into the once-great man's "We Hate It When Our Friends Become Successful". Ooh, Tim! You're so vain, you probably think this song is about you! "Sit Down", which comes next just to make ultra-sure, is a bit of a foregone conclusion: everyone already is. Then they play all the other famous ones. There's really nothing else to say. I used to like them, but now I don't. I wish them no harm, but I'd rather go for a vegeburger.


Pre-Wobbling Fruitbat

Angelo from **FISHBONE** is the only man I've ever seen who has fashioned his beard into a dreadlock. Unfortunately, Fishbone are The Blues Brothers Band for people who like The Red Hot Chili Peppers. Oh, they're eclectic alright. They can turn their hands to anything: pub ska, pub funk, pub jazz, pub metal. . . pub skafunkjazzmetal. Which gets the throng jumping, but just doesn't tickle my zones, I'm afraid.

I f***ing hate **CARTER USM**, and everything they stand for. I quite like Carter USM, and I'm glad they exist. Both of these statements are true.

"Da da daaa, da da daaa daaa!" yells Jim Bob, imitating the fanfare that begins "Sheriff Fatman", and as soon as 50,000 kids have joined in, he adds, "It's like the fackin' Nuremberg Rally 'ere, innit?" This is the first sign all night that Carter are willing to take risks. So far, it's been Easy Targetsville: Jim Bob introducing each song with a failsafe rabble-rouser like "Radio One – fack off!" ("Rubbish") or, imaginatively, "Fack The Rolling Stones" (a ban-defying "After The Watershed"), in that exaggerated, *un-screwed up* Cockney he affects to mask the secretly sensitive, thoughtful chap I suspect him to be.

The thing is, I can really understand why people love them. They're fast, they're loud, they're genuinely *saying something*, and - here's where I swallow my words - they put on a fucking exciting show.

Carter are like the Labour Party: they're not perfect, they'll never be my favourite band (I can hear them weeping at that) but, up there in Top 10 land, they're the best of a bad lot.

But what's this I hear? Fack me if it isn't Fruitbat, back on for a spontaneous rant about Glastonbury's treatment of travellers, the truncation of Carter's set from two hours to one, and various other evils, before kicking his mike violently across the stage. An epic wobbler! All this bizarre little tableau lacks is a decked children's TV presenter. Hey, *chill out*! Peace! Love! 1992! Remember?

SIMON PRICE

Curve crawlers

SECOND STAGE

IS this the best Glastonbury ever? Musically, possibly not. With the marked exceptions of The Shamen on Saturday night and, extraordinarily, Tom Jones, nobody truly took 1992's festival by storm and played an absolute musical blinder or etched themselves on 100,000 minds forever with a supernova performance.

But I still think this may have been the best Glastonbury ever, for reasons which transcend music and involve the very spirit of the event itself. Glastonbury has always been about people coming together, and surely no previous event can have radiated such a genuinely positive vibe of unity. From the bands to the incense stalls to the veggie food vendors to the naturist cafe to the homeopathic medicine centre, Glastonbury 1992 is suffused with a self-belief and an optimism which is incredibly heartwarming. You want a cliche? It restores your faith in human nature.

I reckon that tens of thousands of people gathered on the Somerset plains with only good on their minds has to be seen as an important movement. The counter-culture is on the march again.

This positivity reaches through to the music, and beyond. Glastonbury 1992 is marked by a militancy, a provocative musical agitation which is rarely about specifics but more concerned with getting back to basics. Here is the sub-text of at least half of the bands on the second stage today: 'Put your life in order'. The central core of most bands' manifesto is a refutal of the strictures of modern living, of contemporary corruption, of the corporate structure. Rejection of The System is most definitely in, as are radical green (anti-)politics and self-awareness. This year's festival, more than ever, is no mere collection of bands but a philosophical statement.

Stage Two today could easily be labelled as crusty dance day, were this not a denigrating label for idealists proposing a bravely positive and alternative lifestyle. Their message is most definitely in the music. After **FAT DINOSAUR**'s odd bagpipe-related shenanigans, **BACK TO THE PLANET** arrive with an uncompromising message – "It's our f***in' planet, right?" – and entertain us with a wistful, reggaefied spacey dub rock. A song called "Mother" gives you all the clues you need. The back-to-nature vibe is established.

THE MOONFLOWERS pick up the baton and run with it. Their positivity is a laddish, clumsily enthusiastic creed, the life-affirming messages rendered all the more endearing for being delivered in a thick West Country brogue. "You can do whatever you want to, loike, so give yourself that chance," they declare. The guy dancing on stage in the red dress and The Residents' eyeball head is a nice touch, and while the rambling, scampering rock is never of huge consequence, The Moonflowers go down a boistereous storm. Loike.

NATURAL LIFE have a similar smile in their heart for a crowd warming to the dazzling sunshine and upbeat vibe. "One love, one voice, one tribe," singer Jon Spong declares, capturing the mood succintly. Glastonbury warms to them.

DR PHIBES are on a different tip. Amid the sunbaked positivity, they're a dark and brooding presence, tipping phrases like "Freudian sexual desire" into their enticing, introverted cosmic rock. "Sugarblast" is superlative and Phibes are cryptic where the preceding bands were blatant, private where we've had public declarations. Yeah, Dr Phibes are way, way cool.

FLOWERED UP are a curious kettle of cuttlefish, the jolly boys of rave culture, and now they're no longer the subject of hype it's become clear that they're neither gifted genii (Gawd help us) nor talentless oafs but that most common of entities, An Okay Band. The epic "Weekender" punctures Glastonbury's bonhomie via Liam's snotty glottal chorus of "F*** off and die!" but even the city (wide) boys can't trash the idyllic vibe. For all their efforts, out here Flowered Up are just...pleasant.

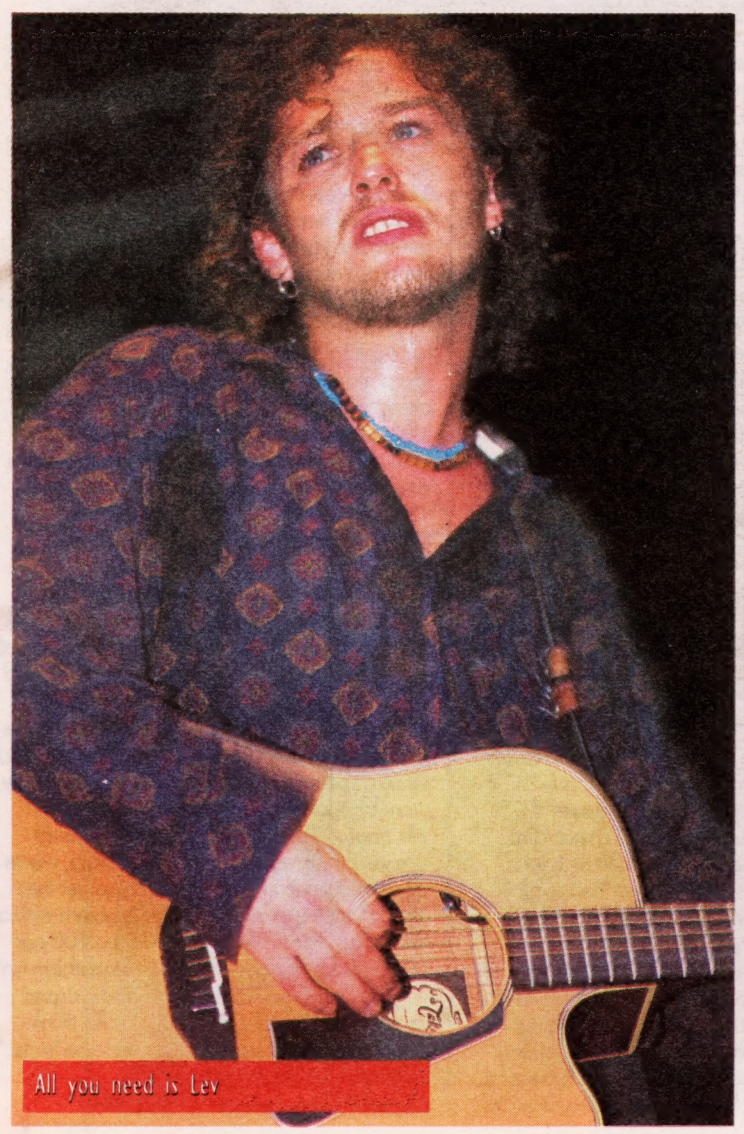
I've always found **JAH WOBBLE** unspeakably tedious, and today is no exception. **SINEAD O'CONNOR** joins him to add banshee wails to his sturdy basslines, but it just sounds like banshee wails added to sturdy basslines. There's no magic.

By contrast, **GARY CLAIL** is colossal. Rapping as his On-U Sound compadres make a din which sounds alternately like juggernauts colliding and robot nuclear war, he's a charismatic, crop-headed figure infused with righteous anger. For the mighty "Rumours Of War" he's joined on stage by the Archaos circus fire-eaters. Why? I've absolutely no idea, but it looks f***ing great.

Why do **THE ORB** always make me think of Dr Who? I dunno, but let's not mince our words here; The Orb are best appreciated by impressionable souls crammed with Certain Substances, and at Glastonbury they've got a head start to say the least. The flashing lights and kaleidoscopic patterns which accompany their ambient drift raise frequent mass spontaneous howls. Of course they're pseudy, of course they're arty-farty, but The Orb are also an entity of very great worth, and Glastonbury digs their peculiar scene.

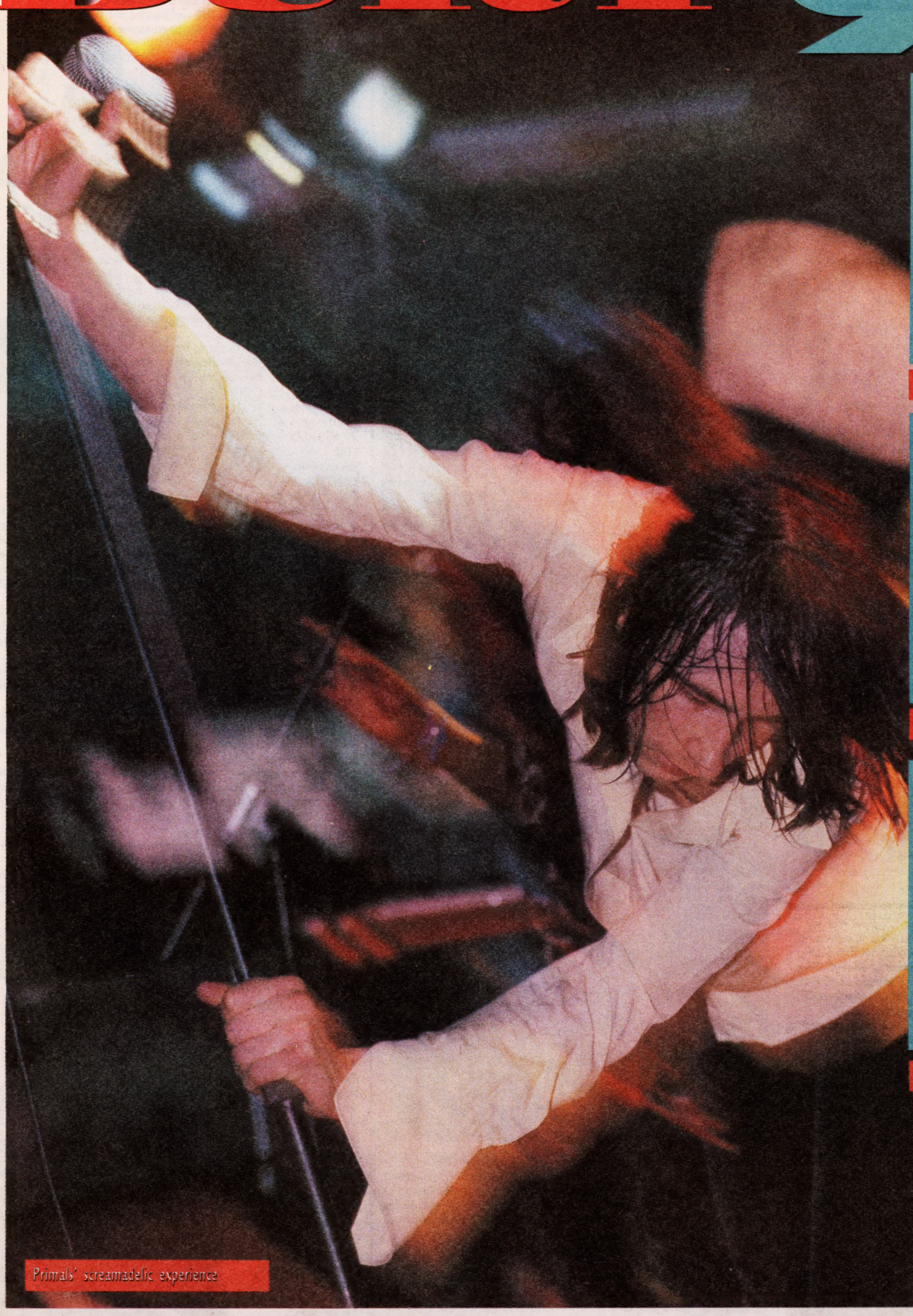
So we're left with **PRIMAL SCREAM**, and really they can scarcely miss. Darkness has descended, a happy, blasted crowd is salivating for Gillespie's rock'n'roll/Techno-dance fusion bliss, and every eye is upon them. Primal Scream can hardly fail, it seems, and they don't, but nor is tonight the unqualified success they might have hoped for. Primal Scream have to work tonight.

My misgivings centre around the rock/rave balancing act they've supposedly negotiated so uniquely and suspicions that the pendulum is very much swinging back towards the leather trousers end of the scale. Primal Scream have been The Rolling Stones in a previous incarnation, and tonight grunge guitar cuts too


All you need is Lev

Jumpin' John Ozric

BURY 92



Primals' screamadelic experience

Shakespear some action

Orb score hat-trick

Flowered uprising

damagingly into the dance delights which are their true forte. The mix is wrong. Maybe they're nervous, or something.

Gillespie remains an endearingly self-conscious figure, but there are moments, when he throws himself into a limp rag-doll rock posture or makes an awkward eye-contact with one of his band and isn't sure whether to hold it, when I actually physically cringe for him. While I've a lot of time for Bobby, his look-mom-I'm-wasted-again ostentatious flopping around the stage is beginning to grate. Yeah, Bobby, we know drugs can be fun. You've told us before. We don't need a reminder.

When they leave, the kids head off to far pastures for some *real* head-damaging all-night Techno-beauty. I wouldn't have it any other way.

IAN GITTINS

SATURDAY

MAIN STAGE

"YEEAAHH-HA-HA-HAAAARRRGGH! GET ORRRF MOI LAAAAARRNND!"

And so it takes until the second encore of **THE LEVELLERS**' raggedly glorious set for any one of the wildy varied onstage performers to utter Farmer Palmer's cautionary-mantra-turned- universal-Glasters-motto. The Levs are just kicking into a heroically shambolic slap at "The Devil Went Down To Georgia", and their bass player apparition is playing at Beelzebub in a Viz-agrarian stylee. They've been great, amply demonstrating their fearsome grip on the zeitgeist and have stolen this weekend for their own.

They are exactly what Glastonbury is about, a pocket of naive determination in a bastard bad world, and these are their people, from the diehard veterans in "Free The Tolpuddle Martyrs" badges to the thousands of school-agers wearing their "Levelling The Land" tee-shirts and trying to get whizzed on the three diarrhoea capsules they've just spent 30 quid on. Tonight, The Levellers were brilliant.

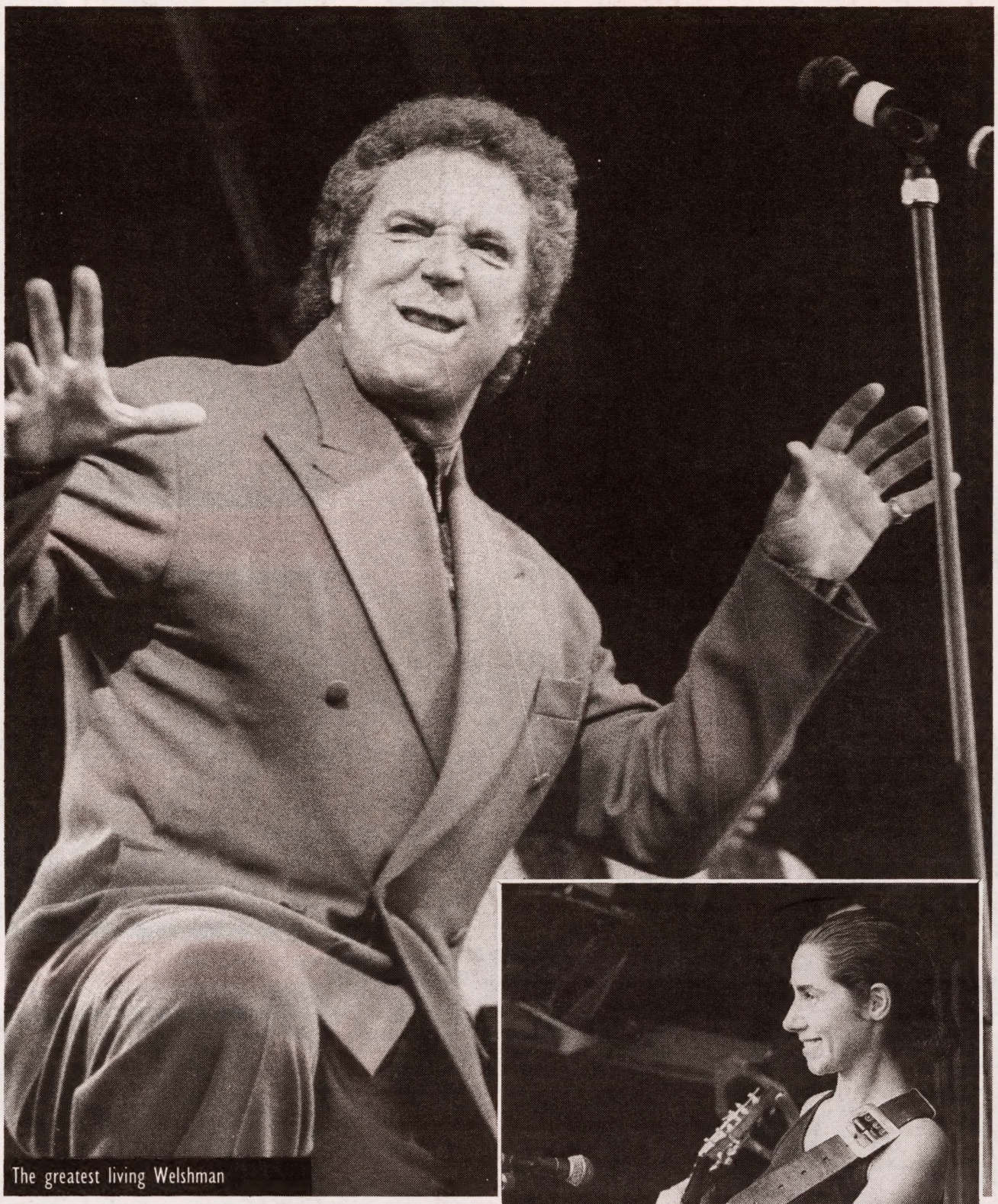
Which rather begs the question : why weren't they headlining? Sure, they stole the show here and no one who saw it will forget it. If they'd played by the shine of the moon and the lightshow, we'd have been talking significant pop culture signpost, I kid you not. Cos we're not talking much at all about what followed. This was **LOU REED**, who played a few bloodless muso-perfect versions of his greatest hits and a couple of newies like "Sword Of Damocles". Like, cheers, Lou. When you've been sitting in a paddock getting your brain pickled by sun/beer/whatever for two days or more, a reminder that the grim reaper has a window in his filo just for you is not what you want to hear. And the lyric stand? There are lost tribes in the densest jungles of Madagascar as yet uncontacted by the outside world who know all the words to "Walk On The Wild Side". He left one grateful for not being singled out from the stage and asked to stop talking. Was Neil Young busy or something?

SHAKESPEAR'S SISTER headlined. Why? They look great and all that, encore with a T-Rex song and generally try like all hell, but I remember "Rock Follies" perhaps too well and I have places to go and people to see, all manner of uniquely Glastonbury circumstantial oddities to experience and a tent to find. So, if it's all right with you, while I'm tripping over stray wires, stringless dogs and small children and swearing the night blue, we'll rewind a bit.

A truism : If you come to Glastonbury and just watch the bands, you get the Thomas Cook version, a package tourist's view, a weekend in Spain on egg, chips and Watney's Red Barrel. Glasters isn't Reading - it's not just three gigs in a paddock. Rather, it's a mad sprawling mess of enterprises and ideologies, an alternative adventure playground: Modern Parent types in the

CONTINUED OVER

GLASTONBURY 92



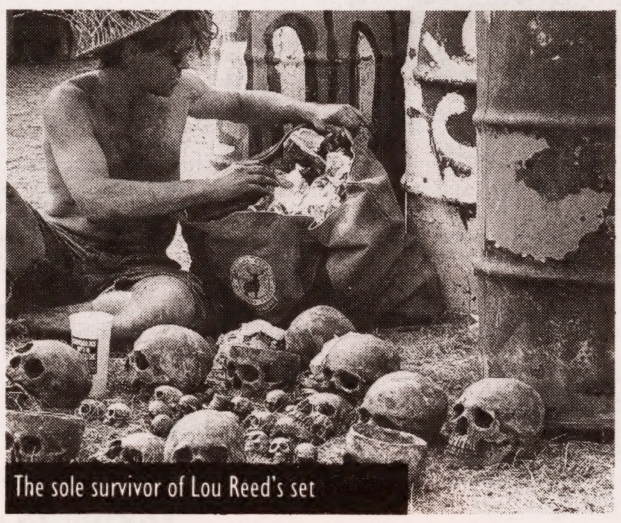
The greatest living Welshman

children's area trying to encourage young Tarquin Rainbow Warrior Beancurd-Smythe to be a dutch elm, naked bodypainted hippies doing handstands on the makeshift stonehenge in the healing field, an endless variety of stand-up performers and buskers, agitators for every nutfudge cause imaginable, representatives everywhere of every subculture the Daily Mail has ever thought was a sad indictment of the nation's youth. The malicious mind cannot help but ponder the consequences of enforcing a "Lord Of The Flies" scenario with the aid of an electric perimeter fence. Civil war within the fortnight, I'd reckon, but for three days or so of casual culture-hopping, you won't beat this.

All of which is by way of explaining that when I say that I had better things to do with my time than see more than 10 minutes of **OCEAN COLOUR SCENE** (okay as far as they go, which isn't very) or any of **THE SAW DOCTORS** (about which they'll be as happy as I was, I imagine), I'm not being entirely gratuitously dismissive. It's just that I don't get an awful lot of chances these days to sit in the shade of a giant aluminium dragon and try to teach bemused Woodstock veterans the chords to Go-Betweens songs.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE are as they ever were, honest and serviceable and just occasionally seized by the hand of whoever. Chadwick remains lost in the grip of other people's expectations, apparently doomed to live forever in his own shadow. They go down okay.

The arrival of **THE FALL** finds your correspondent making up a quarter



The sole survivor of Lou Reed's set

Polly cheerfully repels another stagediver

of the audience at a little-regarded bluegrass stage way up the back somewhere. Four geezers with beards and Nashville accents who almost certainly come from Shepton Mallet are twanging through a few Hank Williams songs when Smith's piss-in-a-bucket vocals come wafting over the veldt. Moving down the hill, you can hear Lush starting up on the second stage. The combination sounds exactly, but exactly, like Pavement. Anyway, Smith is in his usual gregarious festival form, raining a torrent of abuse on our photographer between songs and everything else during them. At Reading last year, The Fall provided welcome surly relief amid a bill of vacant mediocrity. But it's a different vibe here today and Smith just reminds me of the carping OAP bore dribbling on you on the tube or, even worse, of Paul Heaton.

Which is where The Levs come on and where we came in. The Pyramid stage on Saturday was about a tenth of a third of a thoroughly great weekend. See you next year, Eavis' neighbours willing.

ANDREW MUELLER

SECOND STAGE

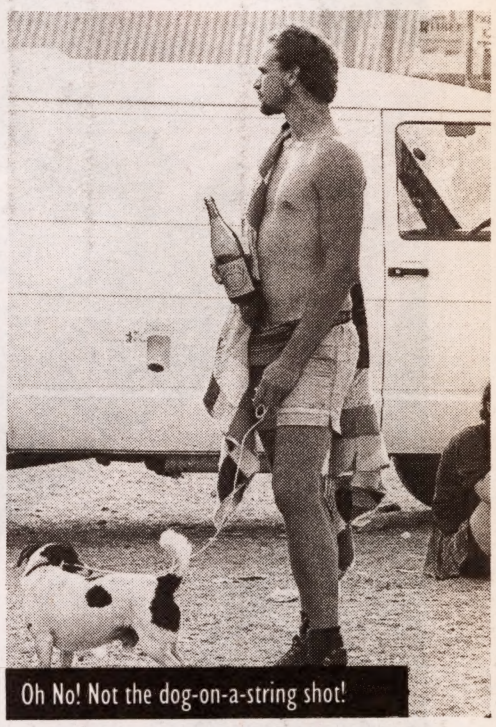
IT'S only midday, and already I've seen a bollock-naked Loz-alike wandering dazed and blinking in the sunlight, oblivious to the stares his shrivelled Brussels sprout is attracting.

In this context, **TH'FAITH HEALERS** make total sense. Which is quite an achievement. One minute "Gorgeous Blue Flower" is making even more gleeful a pop racket than Silverfish, the next they're droning more intensely than Loop. Mad extremist bastards.

Greenpeace, Class War, Third World First, Lynx, Anti-Nazi League . . .

Just a thought - how is it that the crusty/traveller movement can be such a hotbed of progressive ideas while remaining stuck in the aesthetic 1400s? I mean, some of these bands actually use fiddles.

Bang on cue, a reggae bassline wobbles the soil. **RADICAL DANCE FACTION**'s attempted crusty/reggae crossover is easily explained: it's simultaneously Head Music and Protest Music. But RDF are so precisely Sham 69 Plays Ska it's hilarious. I blame The Clash, myself. I've found a word for them: "feckless". I think it means they don't give a feck.



Oh No! Not the dog-on-a-string shot!

The Greenpeace ozone-layer literature has me worrying about unwanted melanomas and applying extra sun-block when the brilliantly named Tedious Cafe reminds me what I'm paid for. **MIDWAY STILL. THOUSAND YARD STARE. CUD**. If Glastonbury has given me anything, it's revitalised the belief that anything's possible. Anything's possible, but Midway Still are happy to settle for guitar, bass and drums. Happy with Converse sneakers, baggy shorts and hair worn meaninglessly long. They think they're keeping alive the Husker Du flame. Their singer affects that nasal Elvis Costello whine so beloved of MC4, Senseless Things and the rest. They so epitomise everything that's wrong with a certain kind of band, they almost deserve to exist. But not quite.

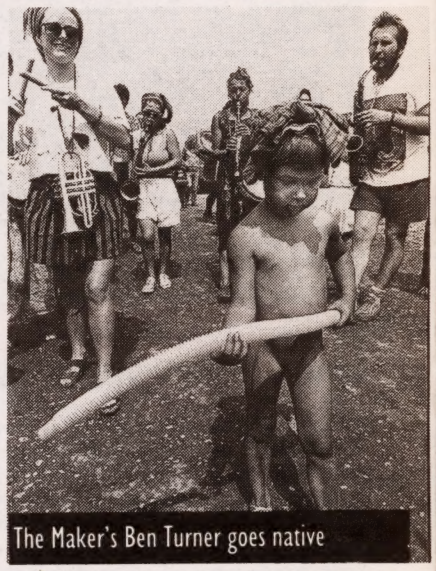
Thousand Yard Stare are even worse. A mix-up in the running order (a farce involving The Catherine Wheel, a helicopter and a missing road crew) means they play a short set in a foul temper, but still annoy the f*** out of me. And to think I could be watching Jennifer Capriati's knickers.

Up on the hill, a tractor is spreading water on the parched path, turning it to mud. As if Glastonbury just wouldn't be Glastonbury. . . And down below? Cud. Rhymes with mud. Thud thud thud. It occurs to me that Anglo-American indie rock is the only remaining medium where the tired old "we're so crap we're good" trick can earn you a living. Carl Puttnam sounds like Tom Jones. He's wearing a Bacofoil shirt. He's singing "Rich Or Strange". It's shite.

Today I've sat in a giant pentagram and watched a UFO hover overhead (so Jumping John Egan was right!). I've seen human gyroscopes, 50 foot wicker men, a vibrating bum-faced goat, a Hare Krishna bull, packs of wild dogs and wilder children. And I've seen Midway Still, Thousand Yard Stare and Cud. Kind of puts it all in perspective, doesn't it?

Somehow, I've survived this long without ever seeing or hearing **LUSH.** "Another shoegazing classic," self-deprecates Miki. She knows the problem: Lush arrived on the scene halfway between the originators (MBV) and the shameless imitators, and no one can decide which category they belong to. The surprise is that it really doesn't matter. "For Love" is pure pop-tastic 12-string bliss-out, "Stray" kicks like a demure mule, and the appallingly-named "Etheriel" sort of. . . is. Apparently Miki and Emma had a blazing domestic backstage before going on, but onstage all is, ahem, sweetness and light. They're nudging eponymity. And don't forget where you heard it last. I must go and see this young Lou Reed chap they're all talking about. . .

OZRIC TENTACLES exhume all manner of prohibited musical contraband - Jethro Tull, Tangerine Dream, Santana, Pat Metheny Group, Hawkwind (obviously), Gong, E.L.P. - and push every instrument to the limits of its frequency range, mangling flutes through wah-wahs and guitars through vocoders and valiantly chasing a cosmic freakout vibe . . . so why do we celebrate, say, Mercury Rev and not them? I can't answer that one, but I quickly get bored thinking about it. Peter Gabriel's backstage. He'd love em.



The Maker's Ben Turner goes native

We locate the Cabaret Tent just in time for ROB NEWMAN, whose currency of hip references makes him *the* Indie fan's comedian (everyone knows *every word* of the History Today/ "that's you, that is" section) but forget easy laughs - his alienated, existential twentysomething monologues go daringly long distances between punchlines without ever losing our attention. I don't know if it strictly qualifies as comedy, but it's compelling.

CURVE are on, but you wouldn't know it from a 100 yards away. When you can see the whites of their eyes, they dominate totally. A few yards back, and they barely exist. The sound system is partly at fault. But when Curve aren't happening (as on an almost abortive new track), the individual members are mere workpeople, ploughing lonely furrows in apparent

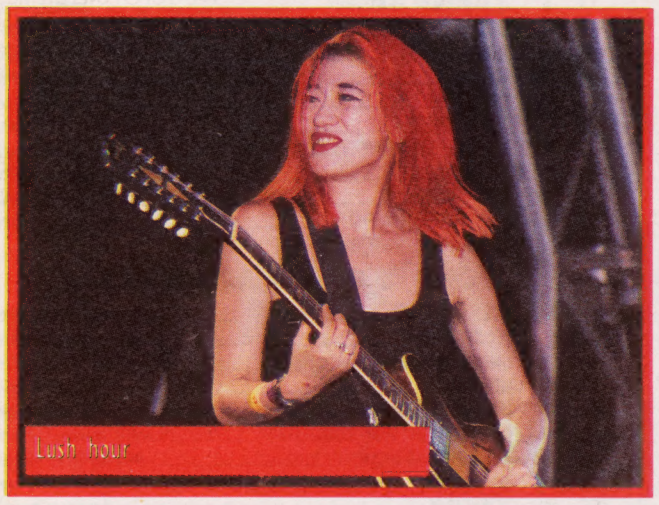
James megaphone home

Are we not Shamen?

mutual ignorance. When it comes together ("Coast Is Clear", "Horror Head"), they're a sleek, shimmering, shuddering machine. Toni's stunning in her Three Musketeers/Jim Morrison outfit, and the bit when she sings *"Now I'm sick, now I'm sick. . . and always will be"* should probably be kept in a time capsule. We'll forget the rest and put it down to an off-night.

Lazers, searchlights and fireworks are slashing and burning the night sky, which means **THE SHAMEN** are on. You've got more chance of reaching the inner circle of Stonehenge right now than actually seeing them, so it's as well they spent a few quid on lighting effects. Primal Scream, 808 State, The KLF, The Orb. . . a whole generation of old rockers who'll never see the right side of 30 again have discovered dance and made it stadium-friendly. The Shamen were arguably the first. There's one small obstacle to them being the best.

The last thing you need to hear, when the euphoric overture to "Move Any Mountain" echoes round the field, is some Arthur Daley wide boy rapper yelling, *"Bring it back to the beat of the drum . . . comin' on comin' on comin' on . . . take it to the top!!!"* The Sugarcubes have Einar, 808 State had MC


Lush hour

Tunes, and The Shamen have Mr C.

When Soul Family Sensation's Jhelisa guests on some new tracks ("Forever People", "LoveSexIntelligence"), it elevates matters to a classy-but-tacky Black Box/49ers Italo House level. The received wisdom is that The Shamen are closest to Godliness when cleansed of lyrics altogether (most of "Omega Amigo").

Strangely, though, The Shamen are at their most uplifting when Colin, by no means a singer, takes over. His disarmingly frail voice makes the occasionally facile positivity of "En-Tact" oldies like "Make It Mine" and "Hyperreal" strangely infectious. Just for a while, you believe anything can happen. Tonight, word spreads that the Monarchy has collapsed and the Danes have beaten the Germans. Moving Any Mountain?

SIMON PRICE

SUNDAY

MAIN STAGE

THIS is traditionally a mellow, low-key day, and in all truth much of today's bill has little to do with contemporary youth culture. But that's the point with Glastonbury; it's never merely a youth culture festival. A spectacular range of ages and inclinations is represented here. Shit, even wrinklies deserve to rock.

I'm not sure that **K-PASSA** do, mind; their mild, pained reggae-rhythms and wet-liberal lyrics remind me of The Modern Parents from Viz. Yuk. Next!

Ah. Next is **BILLY BRAGG**, and Billy wants to talk to us. Here are the things Billy wants to talk about: tabloid exploitation of the French fishing war, the International Whaling Commission, tactical voting, Lloyds' Names, racism, safe sex. Oh, and in-between these news bulletins, he sings a few songs.

In truth, it's a bit like the John Peel programme: the talking bits are better than the music inbetween. Bragg is a fine raconteur, an indignant comedian, and cracks a stream of funnies about the parlous state of this world. I like his boyish belief in fair play and direct action. Roast John Selwyn Gummer on a spit? A fine notion!

RICHARD THOMPSON's gnarled narratives don't vibrate my personal G-spot, but I can see there's something of worth here. Likewise, **BUDDY GUY**'s cottonpickin' chickenshack blues, although I admire his polka-dot shirt and bright turqoise dungarees. Class!

VAN MORRISON is an intimidating figure in both the weight and gravity of his ouevre and his grumpy truculence, but tonight Van The Man lightens up! Shit, when he plays "Be Bop-A-Lu-La" he's almost *swinging!* He's still a cussed presence, mind, a figure of awkard gravity. Glastonbury respects the fat guy, up there, still trying. And then...

And then It Happens. The weekend's "Special Guest" is revealed as a ludicrous aging Taff Lothario, a Vegas bollocks-balladeer, and **TOM JONES** (for he is it) blows the gaping field away. Is he a joke? Yeah, I guess, but he knows his status as such, which means a lot, and when he foghorn-oozes his way through an old Otis Redding soul ballad, the two 15-year-olds in the Pop Will Eat Itself tee-shirts to my left sniggering because their mom's hero is here among their heroes, they fall into each other's arms with *no irony whatsoever!* EMF's "Unbelievable", delivered sargeant-major style, also sounds hysterical. Tom rools. Right.

MISTY IN ROOTS' lovely dub reggae reminds me how criminally under-represented this music is in the mainstream in these post-ragga days, and then the explosion of colour and life that is **YOUSSOU N'DOUR** sees off a tremendous festival. N'Dour's music is a celebration of being alive and so, finally, was Glastonbury 1992. Here's to the next one.

IAN GITTINS

SECOND STAGE

SUNDAY is weird. Sunday is the day several hundred thousand people stare up at the sky at what could well be the UFO/alien landing that Jumping John Ozric was eagerly anticipating in last week's Maker. And it's the day I see two scruffy five-year-old Dickensian urchins wandering round trying to sell a bowl of white powder which actually happens to be sugar but which they're utterly convinced is cocaine.

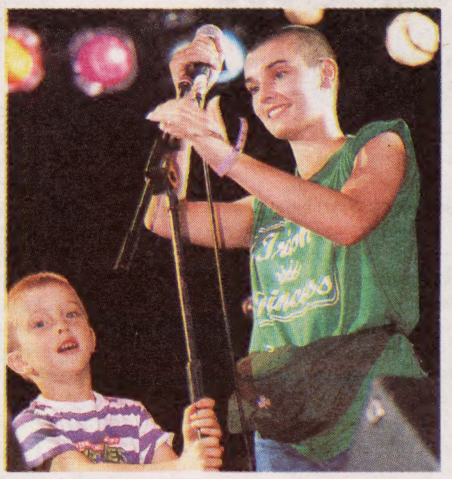
Sunday is the hottest day, the day when things threaten to reach fever-pitch intensity, boil over, then erupt.

But they don't. Although, away from the main stages, this place looks like a scene from "Apocalypse Now!" - what with the all the bronzed or frazzled freaks clad in sawn-off black and khaki army fatigues hanging off the numerous camouflaged jeeps which are attempting to make their way towards God-knows- where along the dusty road tracks - Glastonbury is a war zone without a war.

In fact, it's a peace zone. Almost quarter of a million people of all races and classes are co-existing for three, even four, five or six days (a lot of people arrived last week and have no intention of leaving until well into next week) in a way that - hey, stop sniggering at the back! - approaches the Utopian ideal.

That Condor moment . . .

Sure, there are plenty of part-time pseudo-travellers up from Hampstead Garden Suburb playing at gypsies here (quote of the festival goes to one woman who chastised her child thus: "Toby, if you don't behave, you can go straight back into the teepee!"). But Sunday is the day we all learn to stop being cynical, accept some of the oldest, dumbest, Sixties-est myths in the book and realise that, crass and corny as it may sound, people actually like each others' company on the whole - these people enjoy being united, not divided.


Sinead and child reunion

On a smaller, poppier scale, this holds true, too. From the multifarious tee-shirts being worn to the snatches of reggae, indie, pop, grunge, techno and hardcore rave blasting out of tape machines and food stalls all day and night to the highly diverse Glastonbury bill itself, it's clearer now than ever before that, like it or not, the punk battles are over. There are no longer different sides to be taken, fought over, lost or won. Despite the opposing aesthetics of, say, Lush and The Levellers, these bands' fans are simply not enemies.

If all this sounds a bit dippy and trippy, it's meant to. Unfortunately, the organisers of this year's festival haven't reponded as quickly as they might to the changes in pop over the last 12 months. As a result, much of Sunday's bill bears a too-close resemblance to last summer's Reading line-up and the music often fails to fit the mood.

Instead we get Class of '91 also-rans in the morning such as **THE REAL PEOPLE** with their retro Merseybeat jangles, minor-league hopefuls like **DODGY** and **STRANGELOVE** and twerps like **THE FRANK & WALTERS**, who seem to mistake genuine blissed-out pleasure with their own spurious conception of "fun".

Still, **PJ HARVEY** are obviously a band who don't know the meaning of comic whimsy. Apart from the superb "Sheela-na-gig" - a song that, like The Pixies' "Debaser" and Nirvana's "Teen Spirit", makes the "indie" scene feel like a genuinely vibrant and viable alternative - Polly Harvey's relentlessly dour attack merely serves to transform the gloriously colourful and multiphrenic experience that is Glastonbury '92 into something far more murky and miserable. The subtext - no, the *text* - of her material appears to be: to live is to suffer and/or all men are bastards. Cheer up, woman!

SPIRITUALIZED, like The Orb yesterday, make perfect sense in this weather and in this environment. And, for once, Jason Pierce's flirtation with druggy imagery seems completely unambiguous - a quick glance at the glazed expressions on the faces in this field suggests that most of the assembled realise that, by "Medication", Pierce ain't talking about foot ointment.

BLUR are next, all punky exuberance and bursts of energy, a forceful attempt to disown their "baggy" tag. Indeed, what occurs is that, with Damon's theatrical posturing and his mannered David Bowie-does-Anthony Newley intonation, Blur kind of predated Suede. Most of the time, though, they sorely lack This Year's Models' genius spark, and much of their new material lurches when it should leap.

After a well-received set from the perennially deadening **NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN**, darkness falls and the colossal space-bass and iron clangs of **808 STATE**'s "Cubik" and "In Yer Face" turn the earth beneath our feet to metal. This is music from the stars, designed by robots and enjoyed by everyone from the grimiest crusties to the shiniest pop-ravers. A spectacular firework display ends the show but, surprisingly, instead of flocking towards the exits, thousands stay for yet more nights of dancing and debauchery - this three-day venture out of "normal" society is clearly an increasingly realistic alternative lifestyle for huge numbers of Britain's population. Rave on!

PAUL LESTER

NEXT WEEK: *Glastonbury news, gossip, pics and backstage outrage*